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• LIFE •

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"LIFE, the new comic paper, is real. LIFE is earnest, and the grave is not its goal. In view of its success, there is something highly comic in the assertion of certain Boston papers that it is a continuation of the Harvard Lampoon. It owes less to the Lampoon than it does to the Columbia Spectator, and as Mr. McVickar, Mr. J. Brander Matthews, Mr. F. D. Sherman, Mr. H. G. Paine, Mr. F. B. Herzog, Mr. Arthur Penn and others of the contributors to LIFE are Columbia men, there is to be detected a slight touch of Boston superciliousness in the contrary assertion. As a matter of fact, LIFE has had comparatively little college-flavor, though largely written by college-graduates; and some of the best things which have appeared in it have come from outsiders—such as Mr. G. T. Lanigan and Mr. W. L. Alden."—*The Critic*.

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ANDREW MILLER, Business Manager.

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Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers who do not receive their copies will please
notify the office at once.

THE GREAT CANONCHET PRIZE FIGHT.

(REPORTED IN 208 U. S. S. C. REP. (—1)½.

[THE facts in this celebrated case have been but little known; and LIFE, thanks to one of its lively reporters, who is also a Reporter of the U. S. Supreme Court, reprints the following from a forthcoming advance sheet. As this celebrated fight led to the abolition of trial by wager of law and battle (except as still practiced, *coram non judice*, in the South), the case has been reported with greater fullness of detail and vividness of description than the chaste style of the U. S. Reports will usually permit.]

SPRAGUE *vs.* **CHAFFEE**. (For the earlier details in this suit see 96 R. I., 98. It appears that the plaintiff Chaffee beleaguered the castle of the defendant; but the defendant, being a Yankee with a shotgun, successfully resisted the plaintiff's procedure.) And now comes the defendant, by Blaine, his attorney, and offers in defence to wage his law; and thereupon said Sprague does produce his suit, consisting of James S. Blaine and ten of his neighbors, being Postmasters in the State of Maine, who, being admonished by the Court of the danger of a false oath, do yet make oath with the twelfth hand, that said Sprague does not owe said Chaffee one Continental. And thereupon said Chaffee, by R. Conkling, his attorney, does produce his suit; being three-and-twenty of the Boys from New York and S. W. Dorsey, who, having been taken in to have their Toes warmed, do accordingly swear, with many oaths, that the said plaintiff is a d—d good fellow, which nobody can deny. And the Court, finding that there was more swearing in the suit of said plaintiff by Conkling and his compurgators, did accordingly give judgment that he recover, etc., and the Boys do liquor up, etc.

And now the defendant Sprague did move in arrest of judgment, and lit out of the Court. Making a strategic movement on Canonchet, he entrenched himself, in company with the Treasurers of three Southern States, behind a rampart of cotton futures; and the said plaintiff, in seeking to enforce the judgment

of this honorable court, had his lungs blown out by the shotgun of a practised Judge from North Carolina; whereupon his widow did appeal the defendant of murder. And the defendant pleaded that it was true that said Judge did a little slay and murder, and a little with tender hand blow the lungs out of the plaintiff's husband; without this, that it was not with the most painful feelings and much black-edged and regretful gloom cast over the letter paper of the entire community; and furthermore he offered to prove it by his body, and offered in that behalf his champion, Slade of England, and threw down his glove, in that gage and pledge; and the said plaintiff, by his attorney, Conkling, did pick up the glove and offer his champion Sullivan, otherwise known as The Slugger, in acceptance of the challenge.

Now the Supreme Court were put to much travail of spirit, and moved unrestfully upon the bench. Although wager of battle had never been expressly repealed, yet they did not wish to preside at a prize fight. And, in the meantime, the plaintiff and defendant, having four eyes to the main chance, did lay their heads together, and produce the following placard, marked Exhibit A, of which due notice was given by posters upon all the fences of Rhode Island and the adjoining States, and advertisement in the *Police Gazette*.

(Exhibit A.)

GRAND PRIZE FIGHT!
Under the auspices of the
UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

MORRISON R. WAITE, C. J., Referee.

GRAY, J., Bottle-holder.

SLADE, THE MAORI,
against

SULLIVAN THE SLUGGER!!

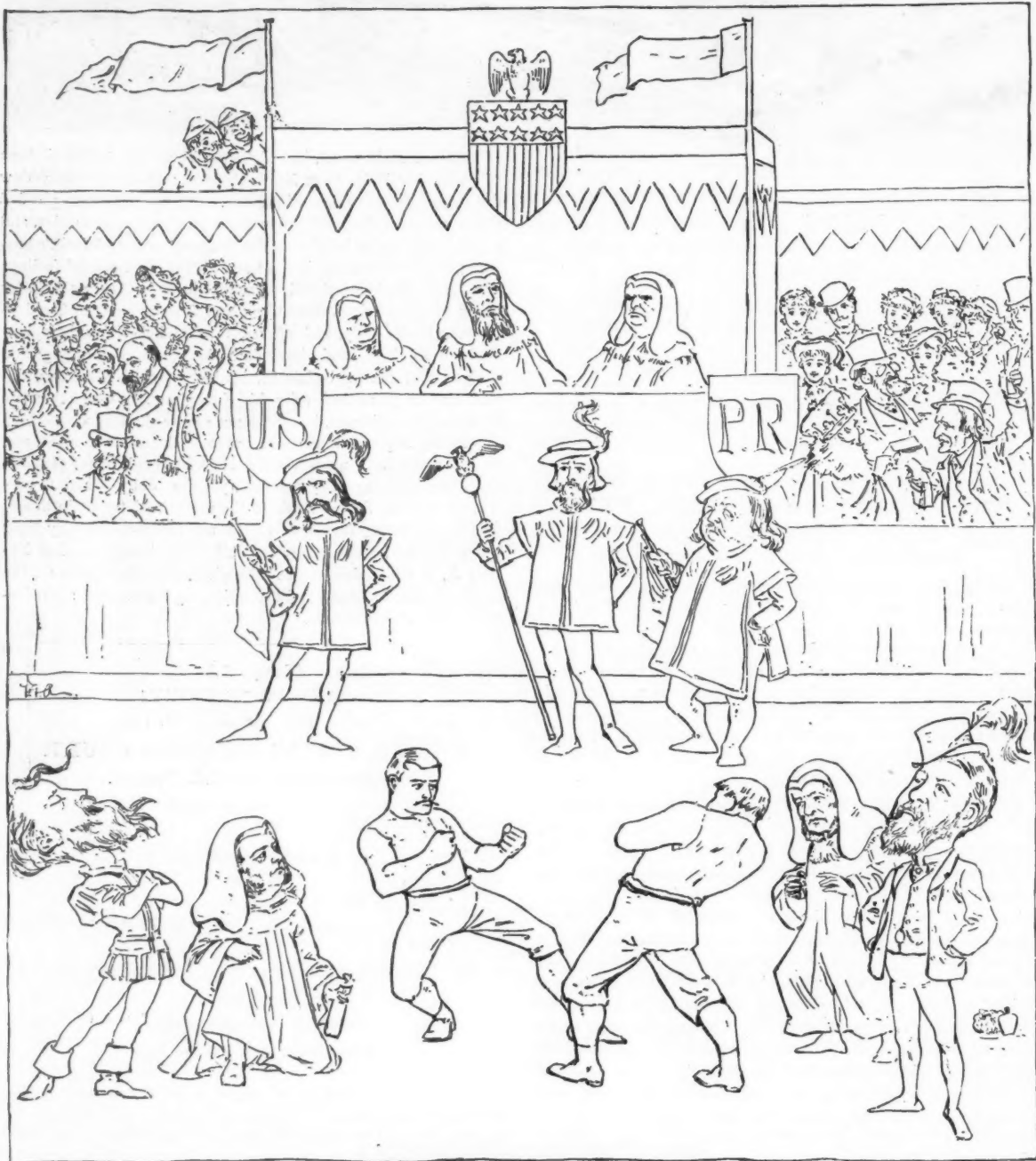
AT CANONCHET, JULY 4, 1883.

♣ Pools sold by Messrs. POLK and VINCENT, State
Treasurers.

General Admission, \$5.

SEATS WITH THE BENCH, \$25.

A bill for the abolition of wager of battle was immediately introduced into Congress; but that body being then engaged in reducing the duty on castor oil, the bill was successfully resisted by the Southern members. The Supreme Court had nothing for it but to send a quorum to Canonchet on July 4th, which rather tried their temper for so grave and sedate a court of law. On the evening of July 3d they left New York in the steamer Bristol, consoling themselves, as they went to bed in their wigs and gowns, with the motto *Il n'y a jamais de mal en bonne compagnie*. The Sergeant-at-Arms brought a new mace for the occasion, and the presence of the Marquis of Queensberry had been procured as *amicus curie*.



THE FIGHT.

On the morning of the eventful day all the noted sportsmen of America were in attendance. The lawn tennis court at Canonchet was marked out sixty feet square, enclosed with lists; a bar was prepared for the refreshment of the learned counsel of that high court, and a bench erected for the judges of the various States, who attended in scarlet robes. At precisely 10 A.M.,

after a long blare on the heralds' trumpets, the Chief Justice, attended by Gray, J., at last happy in a wig, came in: all the Fancy followed them. Conkling and Blaine, as attorneys, were present with sponges dipped in vinegar; stenographers were in attendance to report the blows at short hand. Among the pool sellers we noticed Hon. Wm. Evarts, with a betting-book. Pres't

Arthur, who regarded the occasion as a happy one for getting into society, was seeking to make himself agreeable to the beauty and fashion of Newport, who were all there. There was a broiling sun, and the bench found their ermine collars and horse-hair wigs rather oppressive. The Court assigned Harlan, J., and Gray, J., as bottle-holders to the champions. A slight delay was caused by the appearance of the champions with bare legs and arms, certain judges holding that they should have been attired in dress suits and white kid gloves; but the Marquis of Queensberry, as *amicus curiae*, ruled to the contrary, citing 3. Blackstone 338; P. R. Rules, *passim*.

The champions, Sullivan and Slade, then took the usual oath against sorcery: "Hear this, ye justices, that I have this day ne ate, ne dronke, ne have upon me neither bone, stone, ne grasse, ne any New York mandamus, St. Louis seven-shooter, ne District of Columbia jury, whereby the law of this Court may be abased, or the law of the Devil exalted. S. H. M. B. P." Slade had not sluiced his ivory for a week, and Sullivan's canvas was prime. Hardly had they finished shaking hands, before Sullivan slugged Slade in the eye, while the latter countered on the smeller.

Blatchford, J., cried out at this, objecting that cross evidence should not be put in until after all points were made in chief; Gray, J., refused absolutely to take judicial knowledge of the word *smeller* without a formal *inuenodo*. Great commotion was caused by the entry of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and the consequent rush of New York society young ladies to pour spoonfuls of ice-cream down his back; and Robinson of New York moved to commit the British lion for contempt of Court; but Wales pleaded the contempt of the Court of St. James, for Robinson, in set-off, which Gray, J., was much pleased to allow.

2nd Round. The Slugger made play with his left, and Slade butted him in the waist, producing a temporary injunction; Harlan ruled out this evidence in rebuttal, as premature; while President Arthur interrupted the trial to get Gray, J., and the Marquis of Queensberry to introduce him to the Princess of Wales, Robinson loudly condemning the President for observing the social customs of an effete aristocracy.

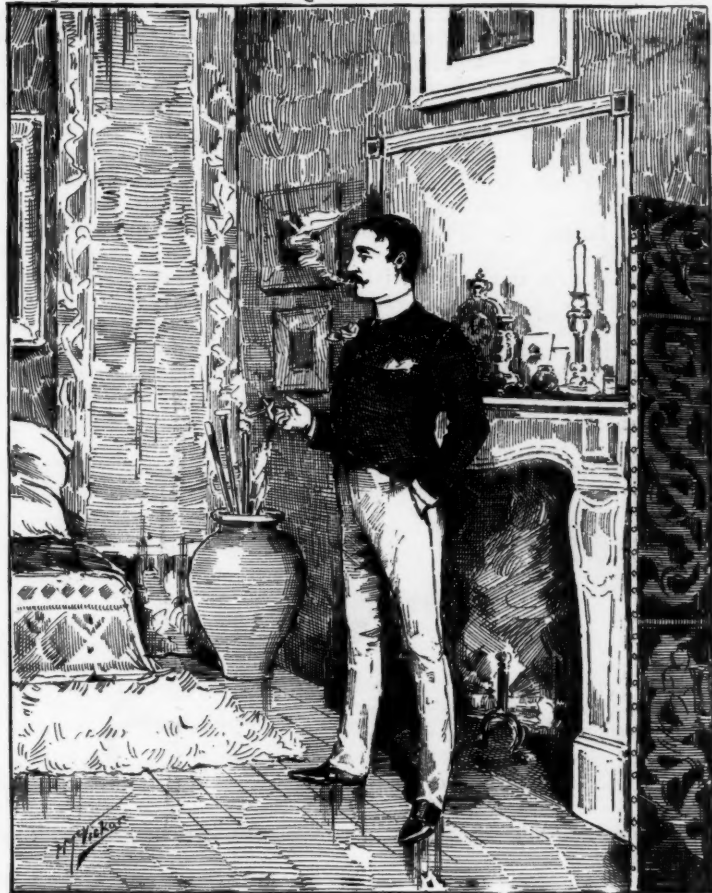
3d and final round. Slade got Sullivan into chancery. Conkling complained that the Court had no equity jurisdiction. Gray, J., said this was certainly a very common law proceeding; and the Court were with him. Blatchford thought a bill *quia timet* would lie for Slade; and Blaine said anything would lie for Conkling. The North Carolina Judge resented Waite's ruling, being anxious to see the fight go on; but before he could get a draw on the Chief Justice, he was handed by Mr. Schurz a copy of the New York *Nation* on Southern homicide. This soft answer turned away his wrath, and he fell upon the neck of the Serjeant-at-Arms and wept. At this juncture, Slade was discovered to be dead; and the Court, resolving itself into a coroner's jury, gave verdict that he died by act of God and due process of law. Judgment was given for Sprague; and he invited the bench of the U. S. Supreme Court to a dinner party at Canonchet Castle, and the marshal reported that a full bench attended.

The costs of the battle were paid by the United States, as is the law in appeal of felony; and the plaintiff and defendant divided \$862,400 of gate-money.

Judgment for Deft.

Blaine and Slade for Deft.

Conkling and Sullivan the SLUGGER for Plff.



A GILDED YOUTH.

Well? IT IS A GILDED YOUTH.

Is it not a pretty dear? OH, YES! IT IS AS PRETTY AS A LITTLE RED WAGON!

Who made it? IT IS SELF-MADE, BUT THE PATTERN WAS IMPORTED.

Was it expensive to make? VERY COSTLY.

Figure it up.

| | |
|------------------|-----------|
| CRAVAT AND PIN, | \$15.90 |
| SHIRT COLLAR, | 25 |
| OTHER CLOTHING, | 100.00 |
| WATCH AND CHAIN, | 150.00 |
| JEWELRY, | 25.00 |
| CASH ON HAND, | 7.35 |
| EDUCATION, | 20,000.00 |
| EXPERIENCE, | 30,020.00 |
| Total, | 50,318.50 |

Quite costly! What dividend is the investment paying? ITS RUNNING EXPENSES ARE MUCH TOO GREAT FOR IT TO PAY DIVIDENDS. THERE ARE MONTHLY ASSESSMENTS ON ITS STOCKHOLDERS.

There are persons then who take stock in it? OH, YES, PLENTY; FOR IT HAS VERY PLEASINGWAYS.

A FELLOW feeling that doesn't make us wondrous kind.—The pickpocket.

ALWAYS free to confess.—The pronounced ritualist.

CORONER MERKLE has excited surprise by empaneling A. Oakey Hall, Edward Cooper, William R. Grace, Daniel F. Tieman, Smith Ely, Jr., and William H. Wickham, among his trusty jurors to find out how a lunatic in a hospital came to kill somebody. But the explanation is easy. The coroner found an ex-Mayor's nest.

A CHEERFUL JOURNAL in Milwaukee, the *Sentinel* by name, bursts out into indignation at the election of a rich man to be Senator from Colorado, merely because he is rich, and entitles its article "Pluto's Representative." But this does not mean that he ought to represent a less eligible place of residence even than Colorado, and one which has not yet been formally admitted into the Union. It only means that he is rich and that the critic meant to call him Plutus's Representative.

A CAT that had been left to guard a granary went to Florida to fish and hunt. During the absence of the cat the mice played their usual games, and became so habituated to them that after her return they continued to play the same, while the cat, refreshed and recreated, lay by the stove and ate bread and milk. After a while those who had lost grain came to the cat, and complained of the depredations of the mice. "It has been going on for a long time," said the meek grimalkin, "and it would surprise you to hear how much has been stolen by those vermin; but I know nothing about it; I am as innocent as a new born kitten." "Why, then, are you a Commissioner of Jurors?" demanded the complainants.

GERMAN TEXT.—Zwei lager mit der pretzel—ja.

THE next cold-water orator who invades Ohio may confidently expect to be lynched.



HORSES—AFTER ROSA BONHEUR.

THE REASON WHY.

WE'VE new cast our manners, we've recut our coats,
We've dropped our old welcome, so genial and bland,
And we've drawn a new line twixt the sheep and the goats—
For the voice of the Briton is heard in the land.

The man we dislike is a "beastly low cad"
And we seek opportunities carefully planned
To drawl out "Oh rather! a proper good fad"—
For the voice of the Briton is heard in the land.

The crutch stick is gone, but we've "crooks," or else "balls,"
And we flatter ourselves we are doing the grand
When we carry our curly rimmed hats in the "stalls"—
For the voice of the Briton is heard in the land.

'Tis the latest new phase of the latest new sham,
Which now stands securely, though built upon sand,
Till some far-seeing tailor with clamor and flam
Shall force some new craze on this suffering land.

PHILIP HAY.

THE attention of advocates of the coals-of-fire treatment for injuries received, is called to the late difference between Senator Ingalls and Dr. Patton of the *Baptist Weekly*.

In eulogizing the late Senator Ben Hill, Senator Ingalls made statements which prompted Dr. Patton to call him names (*e. g.*, an infidel and a heathen), and to say that his remarks on the late Senator were impertinent.

No man who respects himself will submit tamely to be called "a heathen." Senator Ingalls duly retorted that he was sorry he had not entire confidence in Endless Perdition, since he would be glad to feel certain that Dr. Patton was going there.

Then followed Dr. Patton's flank movement with the warming pan, which took the form of the expressed wish that the Senator's mind might be enlightened before it was forever too late.

This was a proper retort, but its force seems to us to be weakened by one fact. We understand that the copy of the *Baptist Weekly* containing Dr. Patton's strictures was mailed by that gentleman to Senator Ingalls with the article marked. After stirring up the

animal in this way the Reverend Doctor, we think, ought to have held himself estopped from regretting an unchristian display of temper. Under the circumstances none but a book agent could with propriety have turned the other cheek.

A SOCIAL MYSTIC.

THE *Evening Post* seems to derive much satisfaction from a series of social articles which it is publishing, and which are calculated to bewilder the humble searcher after social truth. For instance, in a treatise upon the opera-hat, it is laid down that the fashion has been started in England of bringing to balls and parties, instead of a crush hat, "the ordinary tall black hat which is known among gentlemen as a beaver, among others as a 'silk hat.'" There is a subtlety about this "others" which is calculated to divert the superficial observer from the study of social philosophy to admiration of the wit of the social philosopher. But when one bends his mind to it, he discovers that "gentlemen" are in the habit of describing silk hats as beavers, while "others" are in the habit of describing silk hats as silk hats. A verbal representation of an imitation as the genuine article is there alleged to be a distinguishing practice of gentlemen. This is confusing, since the searcher may suppose that the principles upon which the nomenclature of hats proceeds were laid down by Yellowplush in his celebrated letter to Bulwer: "You may call a coronet a 'coronal,' if you like, 'an ancestral coronal,' just as you might call a hat 'swart sombrero,' a 'glossy four and nine,' a 'silken helm, to storm impermeable and lightsome as the breezy gossamer,' but in the long run it is well to call it a hat. It *is* a hat; and that name is quite as poetical as another." If it is poetical to call a hat a hat, why is it ungentlemanlike to call a silk hat a silk hat? Why must one describe his hat in inaccurate and inflated terms in order to escape the imputation of being an "other"? These things are too high for us; we cannot attain unto them. Neither can we attain to other manners and customs which are described as possible among gentlemen. The "cad," it appears "can carry a stiff hat, and if gentlemen, in terror of him were to band together and come to parties provided not only with a beaver, but with an umbrella, overcoat and arctics besides"—the "cad" would still imitate them. This is more confusing than the other. How many "gentlemen" are to band together for the provision of 1 "beaver," 1 umbrella, 1 overcoat, and an unspecified number of arctics? And while one (1) gentleman is wearing the beaver and the umbrella and the overcoat, what are the other gentlemen to wear? And how is it to be determined, on the decision of any particular party, which gentleman is to sport these insignia of his social rank? Vistas and abysses of mystery open before us, from which we can only lay firm hold of and extract this enrichment of the dictionary:—GENTLEMAN.—The joint and several tenant of a silk hat, who calls it a beaver.



RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

As Queen Elizabeth, attended by Sir Walter Raleigh and a retinue of gilded courtiers, was one day walking through the streets of London, she came to a particularly muddy spot, which she hesitated to cross. Raleigh was about to throw down his cloak before her in order that she might cross dryshod, when he reflected that it was of costly velvet lavishly ornamented with old lace, and so would infallibly be spoiled. Accordingly, with great presence of mind he whispered loudly to Sir Christopher Hatton that he had always contended, and would with his heart's blood maintain that Her Majesty had the smallest feet and neatest ankles in the world, and that the calumnious report that she wore elevens was a malignant invention of the Spanish Court. Nor did the ruse fail of its effect, as the Virgin Queen lifting her royal skirts with almost exaggerated enthusiasm went through the puddle with characteristic resolution, and halting on the farther side shook her sceptre under the nose of the Spanish ambassador, demanding of the astonished diplomat with a royal oath: "Are they elevens, you Romish dog? Are they elevens?"

G. T. L.

Marrons déguisés.—Old stories dressed up anew.
Marrons glacés.—Old stories coldly received.

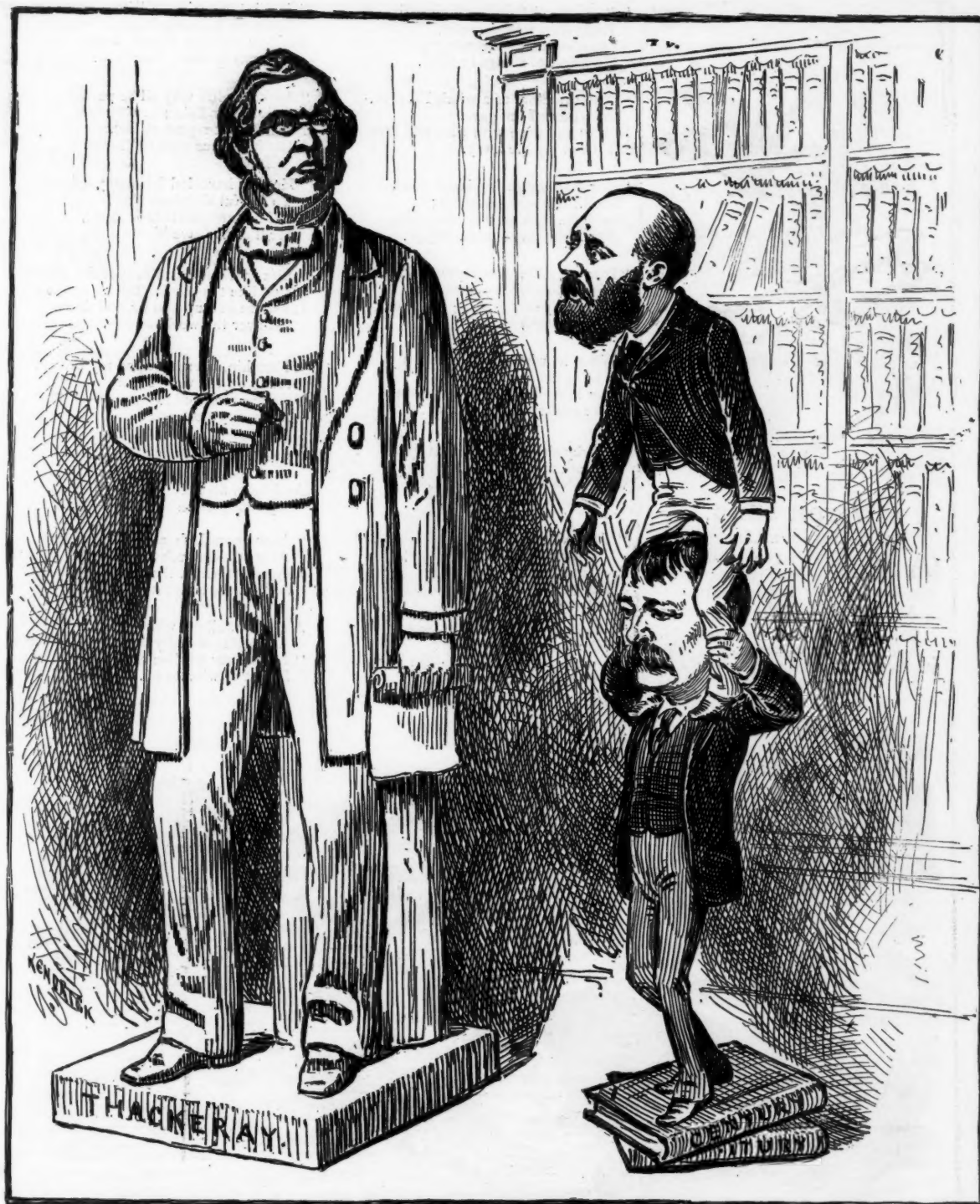
A Certain Boy
 being questioned as to who
 had cut down a favorite
 Cherry tree, replied
 "Father I cannot tell a lie
 I did it with my little hatchet?"



FEBRUARY 22nd.

AMAZED STANDS BUSHROD TO BEHOLD
 HIS CHERRY TREE TRUNCATED.
 HIS LANGUAGE:—WERE YOU EVER TOLD
 HOW IT WAS PUNCTUATED?

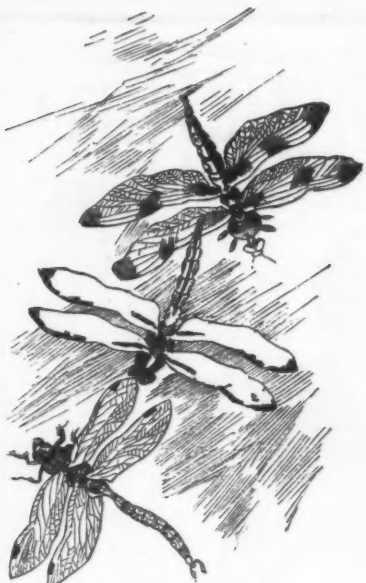
BUT SEE HOW GEORGE, UNUSED TO LIES
 AND BARRED FROM ALL RETREAT, ACTS.
 "FATHER, IT WAS YOUR SON," HE CRIES;
 "I DONE IT WITH MY MEAT AXE."



A LITERARY COMBINATION.

Mr. H-w-lls: ARE YOU THE TALLEST NOW, MR. J-MES?

Mr. J-mes (ignoring the question): BE SO UNCOMMONLY KIND, H-W-LLS, AS TO LET ME DOWN EASY; IT MAY BE WE HAVE BOTH GOT TO GROW.



A WITCH SONG.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

A WILD witch sat upon a boat
Beside the sounding sea ;
Her feet upon her sleeping goat,
And all alone sang she :

" Oh, I am but a 'wildered witch,
And little wisdom know ;
As dragon-flies flit o'er a ditch
My fancies come and go.

" As now and then the dragon-fly
Rests on a waving weed,
So now and then I simply try
To think of things in deed.

" And therefore as a witch I'll rove,
As wild as I am gay ;
In love and wine with wine and love
I'll roll my life away.

" For I am but a 'wildered witch
And little wisdom know ;
As dragon-flies flit o'er the ditch,
My thoughts a-wandering go.

" It was a man, who preaching heaven,
Made me his sin—'tis true ;
So when his sins shall be forgiven,
I'll be forgiven too.

" When he who plans escapes a pain,
The agent is forgot ;
When rebel leaders are not slain,
The soldiers are not shot,

" So why should I repent in grief
Or lose my jollity,
While I've another as a chief,
Who will repent for me.

" The waves run up upon the sand,
Then rippling backward go ;
So life and love in every land,
Have endless ebb and flow.

" I had a love. While I was coy,
Who could so loving be ?
But when I sought to kiss the boy
He ran away from me.

" A saint may slave a life to waste
Upon the heavenly track,
But if he slips the angels haste
In hosts to bring him back.

" Another's life may all be passed
In jollity and sin ;
Yet, if he but repent at last,
His heaven as well he'll win.

" He may have led full many a soul
To fearful sin alone ;
But if he turn this side the goal,
He'll surely save his own.

" Life sparkles red, life sparkles brown,
Just like the turning tide ;
It's down and up and up and down
All over the world so wide.

" Then hip, hurrah ! upon my broom,
Away on the wind I'll fly
Unto the revel and my groom—
Away, my goat and I.

" For I am but a 'wildered witch,
And little wisdom know ;
As dragon flies flit o'er the ditch,
My thoughts on the breezes go.

" As meteors flash across the sky,
As wild deer rush to drink,
As pigeons pause, then onward fly,
So 'wildered witches think.

And as we all go whirling fast
Upon this worldly ball ;
" I ween our wisdom at the last,
Is that of witches all."



MORE MEMORIES OF THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.



WHAT the scarecrow would be apt to say if it was gifted with the power of speech—Get off my corns.

PURGATORY superseded—Whoever commits suicide now is merely to be sent to the penitentiary for one year.

IMPORTANT to parents of unmarried daughters.—Somebody has invented a labor-saving machine to play on the piano.

A WESTERN wit inquires : "Can hard cider be called the voice of the press ? It can—but that doesn't make it so.



"STOP THIEF !" was the old and familiar alarm cry ; but over in New Jersey they have come to shout, "Stop cashier !"

MAXIM for mankind in general.—Mind your own business ; or, if you have no business, then make it your business to leave the business of others severely alone.

SORROW, like a woman's age, grows less and less every time it is told.

COMMON motto for New Jersey bank officials.—Let us all learn to respect each other's convictions.

GORGEOUS JOURNALISM.

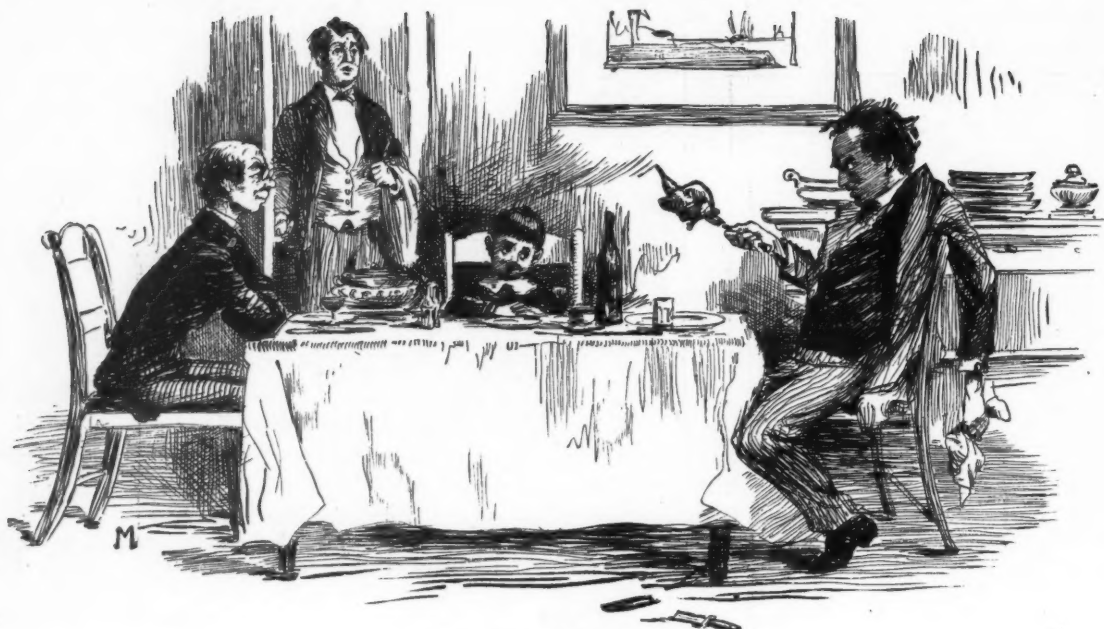
IF the accounts are true, there have been few palaces, out of the Arabian Nights, to compare with the new quarters for the staff of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. We are informed that the reporters' room has walnut and ash desks, with cane-seated revolving chairs, and Turkish rugs. All the reporters have gold pens with diamond nibs, and write on hand-made notepaper, using perfumed violet ink. After any dirty work, each reporter is obliged to take a Turkish bath in the bathing department before writting out his copy, and, as this occasions delay, most of the running about is done by nickel-plated errand boys, with chilled steel jewelled works, who are prettily attired in livery. Smoking is strictly prohibited, since it is an incentive to expectoration, and to spit on the floor is death ; but chewing-gum and sticks of candy with red stripes, are supplied gratis to the reporters for consumption on the premises.

City Editor McQuade's room is a perfect gem. It is carpeted with a beautiful Axminster, and hung with

old-gold tapestry curtains, suspended on brass rings from bars of beaten copper, the folds being caught up with massive brass rings. A richly covered lounge and ottomans of beauty are provided ; a marvellous desk, mahogany tables, rich and costly wall paper, and chandeliers of cut glass.

At ten o'clock every morning, City Editor McQuade alights from his coupé in morning dress, and gets into the elevator. He does not leave the building until five o'clock p.m., his lunch being sent in to him, and his valet bringing, at one o'clock, his afternoon suit of clothes. At five, a noble-looking groom, dressed in a high hat, etomologically ornamented, brings to the door a fleet Arabian steed, and City Editor McQuade, having changed his trousers, rides swiftly away.

Assistant City Editor Spangler walks to the office, but goes home in a dog-cart. He wears patent-leather pointed shoes, and models his deportment on that of Attorney-General Brewster. All these accessories are aids of Journalism, but to make a great newspaper requires something more. Upholstery alone is not enough. It takes audacity and advertising.



EACH TO HIS TRADE.

Heavy Tragedian at railway hotel: PRITHEE, LANDLORD, DWELLS THERE WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THIS HAMLET A MACHINIST?

Landlord: A MACHINIST? YES, SIR.

Trag.: THEN TAKE TO HIM THIS BIRD OF MANY SPRINGS. BID HIM WRENCH ASUNDER THESE IRON LIMBS, AND THEN, FOR OUR REGALEMENT, TO CHISEL SLICES FROM ITS UNYIELDING BOSOM, FOR WE WOULD DINE ANON.—AND, PRAY YOU, DO IT QUICKLY. YON PEASE YOU NEED NOT CARRY; FOR THOSE, WITH DEXT'ROUS MANAGEMENT, WE CAN SWALLOW WHOLE. AWAY!

REALISM.

I LOVE my love not for her flaxen hair,
Or for the flaxing that her brother gave me,
I do not woo her Roman nose, I swear;
'Tis not eyes that do so much enslave me.

The charm's not in her duplicated chin;
I could not press her *flexor digitalis*;
Her teeth are white—a dentist put them in.
I mention this, believe me, not in malice.

Why do I love my love so tenderly,
Why do I try to put my arms around her?
Why do I sigh, "alas!" and then, "ah me!"
And say my life a desert was until I found her?

L'ENVOI.

I'll tell you, reader, in the fewest words,
I love my love just for her widow's thirds.

C. H. B.

NEAT thing in bonnets.—The face of a handsome girl.

SOMETHING that requires more philosophy than taking things as they come.—Parting with them as they go.

HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

MR. Oppenheimer, Mr. Levi, Mr. Rosenbaum, Mr. Einstein and Mr. Greenfeld, all prominent Italian gentlemen, are enjoying a sociable game of draw-poker after dinner. Mr. Oppenheimer, who is host, returns to the room after a brief absence, and finds a hand has been dealt him.

He picks it up. It is a king-full.

He skins it over very carefully.

It is a king-full still.

He glances inquiringly at his guests:

"Who doled tem carts?"

Mr. Greenfeld replies:

"Chakey Einstein."

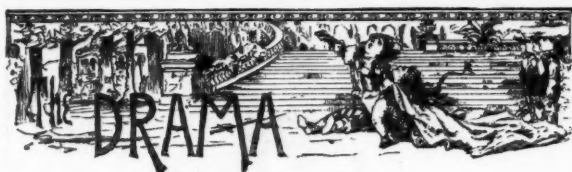
Mr. Oppenheimer gives the king-full another careful going-over. It looks very large—certainly. None of the kings have got away.

But he sorrowfully lays it down without betting.

"I pess."

Mr. Rosenbaum deals, and the game proceeds.

THE proper thing at a temperance ball.—Pumps.



"**H**EART and Hand," Lecocq's new alleged comic opera, opened at the Bijou, Thursday of last week, some thoughtless Judge having inadvertently refused to grant an injunction. The plot is the old one of the husband, who, through a case of mistaken identity, falls in love with his own wife; and the libretto seems to have been furnished by the gas machinist. The music was seldom tuneful and frequently reminiscent, while the orchestration, having been done from a piano score, was spiritless.

MISS CONWAY was pleasing and pretty as Michaela, but failed to give the piquant touches that make an opera-bouffe a success. The rest of the cast did their best to make something out of the material they had to deal with, Digby Bell deserving especial praise for his acting and singing as Gaetan. John Howson, after a series of successes, could not make a hit with the unyielding and vulgar part of the King of Arragon.

A KNOWLEDGE of the German language is generally considered conducive to a thorough understanding of the plays brought out at the Thalia. But any one can spend an enjoyable evening there during the engagement of Herr Barnay. The play of "Graf Essex," in which I saw him last, would hardly be popular in English, some of the speeches being fully forty minutes passing a given point, but there is abundant opportunity for good acting, which is taken advantage of by the company, which, with the exception of two spurious imitations of Lords Cecil and Nottingham, was uniformly excellent. Herr Barnay was brilliant and picturesque as "Essex," but his "Lear" still remains a unique and splendid characterization.

AUGUSTIN DALY announces the production soon of another original comedy from the German, with the mysterious title "728." Perhaps Mr. Daly attributes his numerous failures to unlucky names, and has taken to numbering, instead.

THE original Count of Monte Cristo's watchword was "Revenge," and the public are now taking their revenge out of Mr. O'Neill for attempting to star with a company that instead of supporting him, crowds him down. The old play, with new scenery, at times raised the house to enthusiasm, but there was a lack of spontaneity and a commonplaceness about it all that does not forebode a long run.

HA! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Such was the verdict of the audience who witnessed the San Francisco Minstrels perform on Tuesday night. For four years had I struggled against the allurements of posters and good notices to visit the burnt-corkers, and on Tuesday I succumbed. As one by one the old jokes came up from the dead years, often to be repeated later in the evening, repentance came too late.

But the people enjoyed it.

What would be the effect of a new joke?

We shall never know!

THE Sunday concerts at the Casino are a popular feature at that beautiful house. "Standing room only" is the regular notice after half-past eight.

THE Cosmopolitan, the made-over Alcazar, is now running "Fritz in Ireland" to big houses. The new horse-shoe gallery seems to be bringing good luck to the new management.

It was probably at this time of year that gaily the troubadour touched his catarrh.

MAN in Colorado poisoned a biscuit for the rats. Mother-in-law ate biscuit. This was rats for the man in Colorado, who now believes in especial providences.

A WOMAN named Marie Marey has killed her lover in Canada. Carry the noose to Marey!

A COLD CUT.

MISS Laura Alicia F. Jones
Always spoke in the freezingest tones.
The warmest spots south—
When she opened her mouth—
Froze up like the frigidest zones.



Then away she would skate on the Nile
In her bon-ton Fifth-Avenue style,
And even Lord Brown,
When he slipped and fell down,
She cut with a cynical smile.

MEDITATIONS.

A GERMAN in Cincinnati has started a new temperance drink which he calls Jewish Beer.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

He-brews it himself, probably.

THE asphalt pavement in front of the Hotel Brunswick is a failure as a *coup de tar*.

"PORT FROM WOOD," often turns out to be only Port from logwood.

UNPRECEDENTED trade announcement.—The pig market was quiet.

The Reno (Nev.) *Gazette* says there is in its office a pet crow that chews tobacco. A case of *quid pro crow*, as it were.

MR. F. J. ROLLINGTON, of Petaluma, Cal., blew the lid off his thinking box last week because he could not learn telegraphy. He gathered no Morse, so to speak.

THE report is incorrect that \$75 has been offered the Metropolitan Museum for the Cesnola Collection, the antiquities to be used as "filling-in" for the foundation of the Bartholdi statue.

MR. X—, the contractor, denies ever having offered such a sum.

THE GOOD BOY'S* PRIMER.

THE YOUNG MA-GI-CIAN.

THE fol-low-ing ex-pe-ri-ments are sim-ple and ea-sy, and an-y lit-tle boy can do them, and make the Home Cir-cle right Live-ly.

THE AI-LING BA-BY.

When Nurse is Out of the Room, tie a White silk Thread tight-ly A-round Ba-by's leg, in a Crease of the Fat where it will not Show. In a few Min-utes Ba-by will Set up a Howl, and nei-ther Nurse, nor Ma-ma, nor Sis-ter Hel-en, nor Grand-ma, nor yet Sis-ter Kate will be A-ble to Find where that Drat-ted Pin *is*. Of course when the Doc-tor finds the Thread, you can ei-ther Lie out of It or prove an Al-i-bi.

THE MYS-TI-FIED CAT.

Some af-ter-noon when Sis-ter Hel-en is out Hun-ting new Rugs with Cou-sin Es-telle, Coax Le-na's Cat into Sis-ter Hel-en's Room, stain his Mouth with Red Ink, and gum a fea-ther from the Can-a-ry to His Nose. Then you can take the Bird from its Cage, and sell it to the Junk Man a-round the Cor-ner for six-ty-five Cents, ta-king good care to leave the Cat in the Room. When Sis-ter Hel-en Comes Back there will be an En-ter-tain-ment, and la-ter on a love-ly tri-an-gle will be made by uncle Char-ley, the Cat, and a Club.

THE IN-VER-TED FISH.

Some mor-nig when Sis-ter Kate is in the Par-lor tu-nig the Ban-jo, pour a lit-tle Am-mon-ia or pep-per Sauce in-to her A-qu-a-ri-um. Wi-thin an Hour the as-ton-ish-ed Fish will Swim up-side Down, which will be very cu-ri-ous and A-mu-sing, es-pe-ci-al-ly to Sis-ter Kate.

THE AF-FEC-TION-ATE HENS.

This beau-ti-ful Ex-per-i-ment is best sui-ted to the Coun-try. Bor-row grand-ma's black thread, chop off Pie-ces a foot Long, and tie Grains of Corn to the Ends of each Piece. Throw these to the Chick-ens, and in a few Min-utes they will all Pair off like a Mt. Des-ert Pic-nic, and be De-vot-ed Friends the rest of the Day.

*In the Assembly at Albany Mr. Fitzgerald proposed by bill to fix the limit of age at which a child shall be presumed to be incapable of crime at fourteen years.—*Herald*, Feb. 14.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SAADE.

WHO to good wine gives all his senses up,
May sober be ere slips the night away;
But who is crazed by Hebe *sans* her cup,
Hath reason lost until the Judgment Day.



TOBOGGANNING.

"On the Dessert" is the name of a book recently written by the Rev. Henry M. Field. It is seemingly—to judge from its title alone—a sort of supplementary cook-book; perhaps, indeed, it is a reissue under a new name for a book just out called "Ice Cream and Cakes."

DEFINITIONS.

ARTIST AND CRITIC.—The artist is one who knows beforehand what ought to be done; the critic is one who knows afterwards what ought to have been done.

ARISTOCRAT, PAUPER, DEBTOR.—The aristocrat is supported by his ancestors, the pauper by his contemporaries, and the debtor by posterity.

ADDRESS IN CHURCH, AND SERMON.—When a clergyman makes an address, it is about something in particular; a sermon—about nothing in particular.

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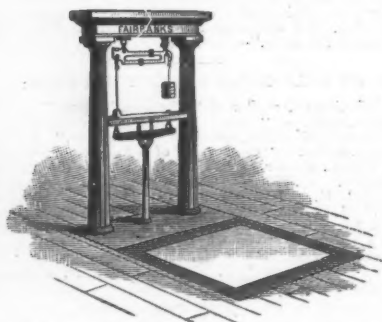
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THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE New YORK LIFE Insurance Co. OFFICE, 346 and 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1883.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1882, - - - - - \$45,130,006.86

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

| | |
|--|--|
| Premiums..... | \$9,004,788.38 |
| Less deferred premiums January 1, 1882 .. | 452,161.00—\$9,152,627.38 |
| Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold)..... | 3,089,273.21 |
| Less interest accrued January 1, 1882..... | \$91,254.80—2,798,018.41—\$11,950,045.79 |

\$57,080,652.65

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

| | |
|--|---------------------------|
| Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same..... | \$1,965,292.00 |
| Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same..... | 427,288.95 |
| Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on cancelled policies..... | 3,827,788.76 |
| Total paid Policy-holders..... | \$6,210,369.71 |
| Taxes and re-insurances..... | 284,078.27 |
| Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses and physicians' fees..... | 1,332,086.36 |
| Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, &c..... | 885,111.18—\$8,169,197.54 |

\$48,918,515.11

ASSETS.

| | |
|--|----------------------------|
| Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received)..... | \$1,276,026.67 |
| Invested in United States, New York City and other stocks (market value, \$19,963,956.52)..... | 15,072,074.81 |
| Real estate..... | 4,133,065.13 |
| Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$17,950,000.00 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)..... | 19,306,940.16 |
| Temporary loans (secured by stocks, market value, \$5,191,139.50)..... | 4,313,000.00 |
| *Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$2,690,961)..... | 491,032.23 |
| *Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1883..... | 540,555.91 |
| *Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection..... | 394,395.19 |
| Agents' balances..... | 62,424.95 |
| Accrued interest on investments January 1, 1883..... | 326,000.06—\$48,918,515.11 |
| Excess of market value of securities over cost..... | 1,881,881.71 |

*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1883, - - - - - \$50,800,396.82

Appropriated as follows:

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1883..... | \$351,451.21 |
| Reported losses, awaiting proof, &c..... | 138,970.23 |
| Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented)..... | 53,850.43 |
| Annuities, due and unpaid (uncalled for)..... | 6,225.86 |
| Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle net premium..... | 48,174,402.78 |
| Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1882, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class..... | \$2,054,244.09 |
| Addition to the fund during 1882 for surplus and matured reserves..... | 1,109,960.00 |
| | \$8,164,210.03 |

DEDUCT—

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on Matured Tontines .. | 1,072,837.87 |
| Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1883..... | 2,091,872.16 |
| Reserved for premiums paid in advance..... | 83,782.86 |

\$45,851,555.03

Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent - - - - - 4,948,841.79

Surplus by the New York State Standard at 4½ per ct., estimated at 10,000,000.00

From the undivided surplus of \$4,948,841 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

During the year 12,178 policies have been issued, insuring \$41,325,520.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|--|---|---|
| Number of Policies in force | { Jan. 1, 1879, 45,005 Jan. 1, 1880, 45,705 Jan. 1, 1881, 48,548 Jan. 1, 1882, 53,927 Jan. 1, 1883, 60,150 | Amount at risk | { Jan. 1, 1879, \$125,232,144 Jan. 1, 1880, 127,417,763 Jan. 1, 1881, 135,726,916 Jan. 1, 1882, 151,700,834 Jan. 1, 1883, 171,415,097 |
| Death-claims paid | { 1878, \$1,687,678 1879, 1,569,854 1880, 1,731,721 1881, 2,013,203 1882, 1,955,292 | Income from Interest | { 1878, \$1,948,665 1879, 2,033,650 1880, 2,317,889 1881, 2,432,654 1882, 2,798,018 |
| | | Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent. | { Jan. 1, 1879, \$2,811,436 Jan. 1, 1880, 3,120,371 Jan. 1, 1881, 4,295,096 Jan. 1, 1882, 4,897,086 Jan. 1, 1883, 4,948,841 |

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